

The American Weekly



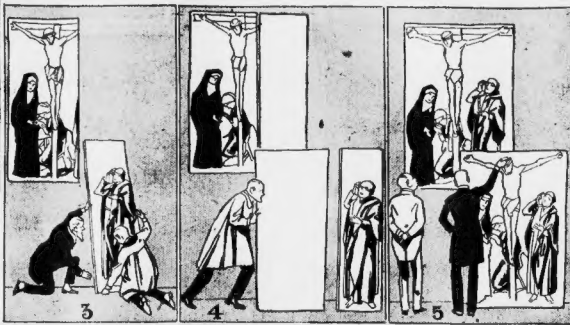


How the Trick Is Worked.

1—The Poor but Proud Owner of the "Old Master" Is Persuaded by the Swindler and His Artist to Let Them "Manipulate" His Masterpiece.



2—The Painting Is Then Carefully Cut Into Two Parts



3—The "Old Master" Is Now in Two Pieces, Each of Course, Entirely Genuine.

4—Panels Are Then Placed Against the Divided Part of the Original Picture Where They Are Treated Until They Resemble Exactly the Surfaces on Which the Old Master Painted

5—The Swindlers Then Copy on Each of These Panels the Part of the Picture Missing.



6—The Poor but Proud Owner Can Then Continue Exhibiting His Treasure Without Any Danger of Arousing Suspicion



7—While the Rich Collector Who Has Bought the Partly Genuine, Partly False Product Thinking It All Genuine, Proudly Exhibits It to His Friends.

You can buy an Old Master entirely faked in modern times; you can buy an Old Master with an authentic inch or two of ancient paint; you can buy an Old Master painted by a genuine old-timer who was far from being a master, and so on.

One favorite way of planting a fake masterpiece was to have the United States Custom House put the seal of authenticity on it with a great deal of publicity. For instance, an imported picture was submitted to the Custom House as a work by Goya, the modern Spanish painter. Anybody could see it was a poor dabb, and a Custom House expert thought he saw an older picture beneath it.

He discovered under the fake Goya what he believed to be a genuine Velasquez, and the picture was valued as such. In fact, the Velasquez was a fake, but some trusting millionaire snapped it up.

Mr. Ronald Graham, the English art critic, has published the confession of a very efficient French artist, who unconvincingly became engaged in faking Old Masters. He had not been able to sell any original paintings and he was forced to copying Old Masters in the museums, which he sold to tourists for fifteen francs or less.

One day a friendly stranger came along and contrived to take all his works at the princely rate of fifty francs apiece. But the stranger required him to paint in an old way—he wanted some figures from Titian, a forest to face of Murillo, with a foreground from Leonardo da Vinci, a background from Correggio and some accessories by Titian.

The composite produced in this way would be subsequently marketed as a newly discovered Old Master by one of the artists mentioned.

The canvas was submitted to a lengthy aging process, mounted on worn-out wood and launched with the proper publicity. The cost of producing it was considerable, but as there was a possibility of selling it for \$100,000 to \$200,000 the investment was worth while.

For some years the business of selling fakes to the late Pierpont Morgan was carried on very successfully. A remarkable instance was the supposed thirteenth century bust of St. Martin, which was really hammered out of an old copper kettle and decorated with a mixture of crystals from the original and some new ones.

The Ingenious Trick Whereby Genuine Masterpieces Are Cut in Two, Carpentered Together, Their Missing Parts Copied, and Are Then Foisted Upon Eager and Millionaire Collectors

W HAT all know that by planting it is perfectly possible to make two blades of wheat grow where but one grew before. But how is it possible to make one "Old Master," one rare and priceless masterpiece of art, develop into two?

From time to time this magazine has revealed the ingenious ways by which swindlers separate from millionaire art collectors their good dollars, leaving in their places spurious paintings, clever but worthless imitations of what they purport to be. Professor Pasquale Farina, the internationally distinguished art expert and partner, who was commissioned by the late John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, one of the most famous of American collectors, to go over his \$2,000,000 collection to pick out the true from the false, has just discovered "the two old masters from one device." The method is unique and some- what thoughtful of the swindlers; that is, by it the victim is not wholly cheated on the picture. He is half stung, or a third stung, or stung in whatever proportion the scheme of multiplication may involve him.

This is how the extraordinary swindle came to be discovered: Mr. Johnson bought for a price well up among the thousands a painting called "The Crucifixion." He purchased it as the work of a pupil of Gerard David, famous sixteenth century Flemish master. It is numbered 355 in the Johnson catalogue, which contains the following description by Bernhard Berens, world famous art critic: "The crucifix stands in a blue-green landscape against a deep blue sky. Mary Magdalen, robed in brownish-green, kneels at the foot of the cross with her hands, St. John, in a dark-red mantle, stands on the right, holding a handkerchief to his eyes. On the left the Virgin, robed in dark blue, with folded hands. Panel, 15 1/2 by 14 1/2 inches.

"This composition is very near to Rembrandt, but differs somewhat from the artist's usually softer manner, standing nearer to the works from Gerard David's atelier."

Now note the line on the photograph. It shows how the trick was done. When Professor Farina was called upon to restore the painting he came across a crack stretching down it. Chemical and other analysis of the pigments on each side of the crack revealed an enigma. On the one side the painting was genuine. On the other it wasn't. The panel was really two panels, but the parts had been so cleverly joined that the greatest experts had been fooled.

What Mr. Johnson had was a hybrid of which one part was a genuine master and the other was imitation. Somewhere or other there was an identical painting of which the part corresponding to Mr. Johnson's actual old master was false, while the part that corresponded to the false in Johnson's was actual.

But why should any one split up a painting in this way? The answer was not long in forthcoming. In some countries—Italy, for instance—the Government will not allow master-

pieces of paintings and other art to be taken out of the country. Other countries—Spain and France particularly—it is a matter of the lowest family pride not to part with these heirlooms. For instance, in that out that the "Botticelli" now "regimented," etc., etc., which hung on the wall had been sold would be a confession that the fortunes of the family were in total eclipse, the family honor bankrupt. Now to the impecunious noble yearning to cash in on his old master comes a tempter.

"Why, it's easy," says he. "I have a man who can imitate the artist perfectly. We will cut your panel into two pieces. We will join up to these two pieces, other two pieces. Then upon the plank parts of each will be painted a copy of what is on that which was cut off. You can hang up your picture again and keep on pointing to it with pride. And we will sell the other lot some one else to point to with pride. It will be easy."

And it was. The method also had a very great and additional advantage. The methods of testing masterpieces of their authenticity have progressed with science. The exact ingredients of the pigments used by the great old painter are well known. A fake of the ancient pigment will yield up to chemistry proof of its authenticity. The fake will in a test tube shout out confession of its falseness. Manifestly, marketing a production partly genuine, it was the easiest matter for the original seller to see that the tests were made from pigment taken from the genuine side. And that is just what was done.

Professor Farina's interest was keen. This was a new trick to him. He went around looking for possible cracks. And sure enough, in another of the Johnson treasures he found one. This was an extremely costly painting called "The Adoration of the Child" and was purchased by the late John G. Johnson from the work of Adriaen Bouts, born in Holland, 1410 to 1420, and founder of the Dutch school. It is numbered 344 in the Johnson private catalogue. Valentin, famous critic and authority, who wrote a volume on this, has the following to say of the painting in the catalogue:

"In a building, with windows in the rear, the nude child lies in the foreground. Joseph is seen with folded hands and wears a light red costume. To the left



This Painting of the Crucifixion, Bought by a Millionaire Philadelphia Collector, Developed While It Was Being Cleaned the Crack That Betrayed It as Partly False and Partly Genuine, Revealing a New and Ingenious Art Swindle.

two kneeling angels, the first in light blue, the second covered with a broad mantle trimmed with red. Three shepherds are seen at the left farther back; two are coming down some steps; the third looks in the window and plays a flute. Through the centre window a hilly landscape with a lake in the foreground is visible.

"The picture is incomplete, and a panel, three inches wide, with the Virgin and two figures in the back, has been added to the right side. Size 6 1/2 by 5 inches.

"The correct attribution first made by E. Bodenhausen. The composition has been adopted by Gerard David and other artists influenced by Dirk Bouts."

Only the left two-thirds of the panel, as reproduced in the photograph on this page, is reproduced in the Johnson catalogue. After the fake had been discovered by Farina, it was removed from the panel by Mr. Johnson, who preferred having an incomplete but genuine piece to a complete mixture of true and false.

"The work in both these instances," says Professor Farina, "was done by a clever

imitator of the manner and style of the period and school. But when the panels were cleaned of the dirt and varnish with which they had been thickly covered by the swindlers an expert could discern the absence in the false section of the special artistic characteristics of the author of the original. The imitator was able to produce a similarity of these characteristics which fooled experts while the whole was thickly encrusted with a dark varnish put on to simulate the patina of great age, without, however, succeeding in giving to them that exact resemblance and perfection of stroke in delicate details that marked the work of the master."

"After such a forgery had been made the custom was to apply heat, either by electricity or some other means. This had the effect of contracting the filler under the paint and causing cracks to appear in the paint. Examination of these cracks, how- ever, shows that their edges turn inward on the false and are sharp on the original, which is always the case when the cracks are caused by time."



When the Interesting and Hitherto Unknown Swindle Was Discovered the Experts Looked for Others, and Sure Enough They Found One in This "Adoration of the Child." The Left Two-thirds Are Genuine; All to Right of the Crack a Modern Forgery.

Mystery of Multi-Millionaire Kendall's Generous Divorce

**Was It Worth the \$100,000
a Year Alimony and Two
Mansions Worth
\$4,500,000 for Mr. Kendall
to Be Free from Wife No. 1
So He Could Marry and
Live the Simple Life**

**with a
Beautiful
and
Youthful
Actress?**

WHEN Lyman B. Kendall, multi-millionaire Wall street operator, and his talented wife, the former Nellie Ballentine, daughter of one of Idaho's Governors, were divorced two months ago, their friends were astonished—the pair had always seemed to get along together so peacefully.

And when it was announced that Mr. Kendall had given his former wife \$100,000 a year alimony, or the latest on \$2,000,000, and a million dollar New York home containing \$1,500,000 worth of furnishings and art collections, and an estate at Bar Harbor appraised at \$2,000,000, both friends and public were astonished at the unparalleled generosity.

A day or two after Mrs. Kendall got her divorce and all the riches she was astonished to find she really never had wanted the divorce. She said so at length in the newspapers.

And finally everybody was uncommonly astonished when, the ink upon the divorce decree hardly dry, news came that Mr. Kendall had married Miss Betty Lee, a very pretty and youthful actress.

Could it be that this last development had anything to do with the divorce—particularly could it throw any light upon Mr. Kendall's extraordinary generosity? If so—how?

Mrs. Kendall at first had said that she was the most amazed woman in the world at her ex-husband's second marriage.

"It so surprised that it takes my breath away!" was the way she put it. No, she said, she didn't know Miss Lee, and certainly her name had never been brought up during the divorce proceedings. No, Lyman had never, never once mentioned her name while the arrangements were being made or at any time.

It really must have been a shock because just a week or two before, when she had found herself wondering why on earth she had ever gotten the divorce, she had said "I have a feeling we may patch it up yet. I know he is very fond of me and misses me just as I miss him. My friends laugh and say Lyman will be courting me again soon."

But unless Mr. Kendall is a speedier worker than even the hero of the famous "Three Weeks" he was, also, at that moment courting fair Betty Lee in her old Georgia home!

Now why, with all the perfect frankness and amity with which the divorce was carried out, did Mr. Kendall not mention the actress to Mrs. Kendall; say quite frankly, indeed, that he intended to marry her? For it is inconceivable that the Wall Street operator, keen business man of great thoroughness that he is, should have made up his mind all in a moment to wed Miss Lee. Why did he so carefully keep her hidden from his wife?

If Mrs. Kendall had actually believed that her husband was going right off to take a new bride would she have gone on with the proceedings? Or, going on, would she have been content with the \$4,500,000 in property and income from \$2,000,000 she received?

What is the mystery of that generous alimony? After a few days of thought following the Georgia ceremony Mrs. Kendall, although this utterance was at variance with her others, hazarded that she had believed Lyman was going to marry again; knew, indeed, "for some time that Lyman had been making expensive presents. But I always thought it was another woman."



Mr.
Lyman
B.
Kendall

**Mrs. Kendall No. 1
Who Hardly Knew
What to Do with Her
Divorce When She Got
It. Above Her Is a
Photograph of the
\$2,000,000 Bar Harbor
Villa Which Was
Part of Her
Divorce Treasure**

know her when Mrs. Kendall was getting the divorce. What is that objection? Oh—that Betty Lee had danced at the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York for two years! That Mr. Kendall bought several years ago a big estate close to her own home in the South? And what's that—her real name is Elizabeth Coyle and that more than a year ago she returned to Atlanta, where she was well known, after making, she said, a fortune in the stock market on tips given her by an admirer? Who was the admirer? You don't know? But Mrs. Kendall did say that friends had told her Mr. Kendall "had been making presents to a dancer or actress or something at Atlantic City!" Well—

But to proceed, Lyman Kendall was then making \$95 a month. Nellie Ballentine told him she wouldn't marry a man with less than \$7,000 in bank. They set out together to get it. Father Ballentine had been in the Senate and had some influence. He helped Lyman get some Government contracts. In two years he had \$7,000 and they were married. Youthful Mrs. Kendall was ambitious.

"During all that time," said Mrs. Kendall, once discussing their early struggles, "we had been figuring out together how we could make a great fortune. We watched the newspapers with our whole family and played the stock market—on credit. But we succeeded so marvellously we decided to stake our destinies on our good judgment and put our poor \$7,000 in Wall Street. I'll never forget how mad it made my father and how he raved and called me a silly, headless little girl with nothing on my head except my curls. But we believed so absolutely that we came to the first year we made \$8,000, the next \$25,000. Then we lost. But Lyman grew feverishly absorbed in it. It was his

whole life. He began to study it like a science, and his luck came back.

"Those years, anxious and feverish for us both, were the most wonderful ones we had. We didn't begin to spend much until we really had achieved our goal. That was about seven years ago. It hasn't been near so much fun spending as making it." The great war came. The Kendall fortune grew. They entertained lavishly. Then came the rift in the lute. The husband's absences from home grew more frequent, longer. Mrs. Kendall worried. Mr. Kendall said that the rush of social obligation was too much for him. What he needed, what he wanted, was the simple life. Of course, it was different with her.

"You have wealth, my dear," he said, or words to that effect. "You have all the social graces. You are splendidly equipped to be a great social leader. That is my sphere! There you would shine! I, I love solitude and quiet. I like my corn cob pipe and the prosaic life of the farm—the old farming hole and the cow and the smell of the stables. Who am I that I should start in your path, should hold you back from your career?"

There was once a very clever woman who, when she got in a crowded subway car, what she called the "getting up thought" in the mind of some comfortless woman upon him, sigh, shift in tired fashion from foot to foot, roll against him on a criss and so on. After awhile the "getting up thought" would make the seated gentleman so uncomfortable that he would rise and abandon his seat to the grateful and resourceful lady. Had Mr. Kendall mastered this same principle of psychology? Did he put the "divorce thought" in Mrs. Kendall's mind? At any rate, they were now discussing it. "We simply got together," says Mrs. Kendall, "and talked the whole thing over like any two intelligent people would."

Of course, Mr. Kendall must be well

provided for the social trap. Would a hundred thousand dollars a year income be enough? And oh, yes, she must have her town house. Take the Park avenue mansion—the art collections and furnishings had been appraised at \$1,500,000—house and lot were easily worth another \$1,000,000! Did she hesitate? Oh, yes—and she must have her country home. Take the Bar Harbor estate. Some—worth \$2,000,000 more. Mr. Kendall didn't need it. He would just go down to his Southern place and smoke his pipe and fish and look after the farm and stables. And he would be so happy bearing of her brilliant successes.

Mrs. Kendall considered the riches. The divorce proceedings began.

What was the matter, asked the referee any other man or woman in the case or any charges of infidelity? Indeed, nothing of the kind—both were very fond of each other. Well—any credit, desertion or anything like that? No, indeed—they were perfectly content with each other. Well, what did they want to get a divorce for, anyway? Well—Mr. Kendall didn't want to interfere with his wife's social career and she wanted him to be happy in the simple life he craved. They wouldn't. Mrs. Kendall shares that simple life. Oh, dear—Mr. Kendall wouldn't for a moment accept such a sacrifice. It would make him desperately unhappy. And so they were divorced.

Right away Mrs. Kendall, contemplating all the riches her so generous husband had thrust upon her, began to wonder why she had ever sought divorce. She felt like a person who has had her hands suddenly filled with jewels, and led while contemplating them to the door—and then had the door softly closed and locked behind her. She began to wonder what good her treasures were to her. Hadn't they all been hers to use anyway—the Park avenue house, the Bar Harbor place, all the money she needed—and a husband besides?

"Why on earth," murmured the perplexed Mrs. Kendall, "did I want a divorce? She decided she hadn't. But then why was she on the outside of the door? All the time the proceedings had been going on her relations with her husband had been entirely friendly, although Pla-

tonic. He had attended her constantly soothing and reassuring her, looking after her comfort! Why, even now—divorced as they were, he was so gentle and thoughtful.

"Lyman," she told a friend, "calls me up on the telephone every night. I know he is watchful of my comfort and happiness. Last night he told me he'd been thinking about how far the garage was from the house up at Bar Harbor and said he was going to send up a check and have it moved so I could get the cars with less trouble."

He was the same dear Lyman I have always known when he came to see me last week. He wanted to be sure that I wasn't broken up over this, and if there wasn't some little thing he could do to make it easier for me."

Then to Mrs. Kendall, brooding over her riches, her freedom that she suddenly did not know what to do with, thinking of the husband who had won her in ecstatic wooing, of their struggles—and picturing him caring in on his simple life with his corn cob, fishing pole, farm and stables—to her all at once came the news of his marriage to the actress!

Did another light dawn on her with the announcement? "I wish him all kinds of luck," she said at last. "I want to sell my place here at Bar Harbor and go to Europe to amuse and live. England, I think. I love Lyman so very happy. I feel no bitterness. Of course, he is no longer in my husband, but the years we have spent together necessarily give me a lasting interest in him. I hope Miss Lee makes him happy."

To those who raise the objection that a tired business man would hardly be likely to find rest in marrying a charming, lively, beautiful actress half his age, those who know the bride really that she is of the finest Southern family, forced upon the stage by necessity. She belongs, they say, to the historic, though now very large family, of the Virginia Lees, descendants of the extraordinarily prolific family from which the great Confederate General Robert E. Lee sprang.

And as it will be seen that an astonishing divorce, abounding in astonishing circumstances, ended with astonishing generosity, rings true to the end with an astonishing equipment for the simple life



Mrs. Kendall No. 2, Formerly Miss Betty Lee,
Dancer and Actress, Whom It Cost Mr.
Kendall Many Millions to Marry.

How Science Knows Our Earth is Growing Bigger

Dead and Worn Out Suns, Worlds and Moons Strew the Ether with Dust and Fragments Which Our Globe Picks Up as We Rush Through Space

By Dr. W. H. Ballou.

PEOPLE who have long been taught that our earth is steadily shrinking in size, withering up and wrinkling as its interior heat is slowly radiated into the void of space, will be interested in knowing that science now says this is not true. Far from it, our earth is steadily growing bigger.

Rushing through space with the sun, entering at the same time around our luminaries, it is constantly collecting dust and fragments from dead and worn-out other suns, worlds and moons, comets and wisps of nebulae—detritus of cosmic families that have died out and the sweepings of other "mansions in the skies" slowly being built.

The actual number of fragments—extraneous of the planetary dust—that fall within the attraction of the earth each year has even been calculated. It reaches the stupendous total, according to Professor Simon Newcomb, the eminent American astronomer, of 146,000,000,000 per annum.

He arrived at this conclusion, says M. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, by enumerating the number of shooting stars which are seen above a given horizon during the different nights of the year, calculating the number of similar horizons which would comprise the whole surface of the globe, and by taking into account the difference of shooting stars, the monthly variations and so on. This was truly a prodigious census taking, a monumental feat of mathematical genius and scientific observation.

To the uninitiated, the question will at once arise as to why, if bombarded night and day by such a celestial battery, we are not continually being smashed by meteors as our moon is and from work on our farms and in our chicken yards and gardens, record, say our homes and office buildings and factories are not riddled with shrapnel holes?

The answer to this is that our atmosphere shields us from the terrible onslaught of all except a very small—in comparison to the total number. The great majority of the fragments range in weight from a little more than a pound to a little less than a hundred pounds. When these strike the atmosphere it is usually at the rate of thirty miles a second, and this terrific speed creates by friction with the upper air a heat which almost immediately consumes the meteoric bodies, leaving only a little cloud of dust. This dust falls slowly down through the atmosphere, harmlessly, to add itself to other accretions from the same sources.

Furthermore, the total surface of the world is 200,000,000 square miles—a very large tract indeed, upon which man and the habitations of man are widely scattered.

Enormous masses do reach the earth's surface, however, without being changed into dust. The heaviest authentic aerolite which any collection possesses is in Rio de Janeiro. It weighs five and a half tons. There is another in China, near the source of the Yellow River, of nine and a half tons, and still a larger one in the hills of Tucuman, South America, of fifteen tons. Enormous shoals of meteoric iron, weighing from ten to twenty tons each, have been found in Greenland, some of which weighed thirty tons and which have been found in fourteen blocks was discovered some years ago on a mountain in Brazil.

It is interesting to note that the first instruments of iron forged by man were made from meteors, and the ancient bow by which they destroyed their enemies, the word *bowstring*, identified a star as well as a bow.

But besides these showers there are real clouds of dust drifting through the ether—dust clouds that may sometime join

other clouds until there are enough of them to make a far flung nebula, which will begin, following a natural law we do not yet understand, to whirl about itself, form into a spiral, and after incalculable ages give birth to suns and worlds like or better than our own.

And among the fractions still building up our world the remains of the nebula from which came our sun and his family is not an inconsiderable one.

And this brings us to the very revolutionary new theories of science as to the formation of our earth, whose foremost protagonist is Dr. Thomas Chamberlain, professor of geology of the University of Chicago and one of the few great minds of the century. According to this theory—enunciated by him some time ago in a remarkable address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science and reaffirmed recently at a celebration of the anniversary of his connection with the university—our earth was never bigger than it is now. In fact, it was much smaller. Instead of being cast off by the sun in a molten, semi-gaseous state, slowly cooling, immersed for ages in scalding vapors and gradually evolving into our globe of continents and oceans—instead of all that, there was nothing like it at all.

Or as Professor Chamberlain puts this fabled old theory: "The gaseous earth, by cooling and condensation, was thought to pass into a molten sphere trapped in a hot, vaporous atmosphere. This atmosphere was vast because the conditions required it to contain all the water of the globe and all the volatile matters that have since entered into the waters and the body of the earth. At a later stage a crust was forcibly made to form over the molten sphere and the waters to condense upon it, swaddling the entire globe perhaps in a universal ocean. Its further cooling, shrinkage and deformation the waters were thought to be drawn into basins, the land to appear and the history of the stratigraphic record to begin. It is important to note that the main agency in this hypothetical history was the loss of heat."

"With the gathering of the oceans more and more into the basins and their absorption into the body of the earth, with the persistent consumption of the atmosphere and with the progression of the whole the moisture of the air was thought also to have grown less and less. At first a deep, warm, muggy vapor and cloud hypothetically clothed the whole earth, and even half way down the geologic ages was thought to have enshrouded the globe and to have given warm, sultry climates to all latitudes, but this mantle of length was made to give place to rifted clouds and clearer skies, and later on in mild aridities followed at length by desert stages, which are even now supposed to be carried out persistently on the one fertile land. Thus we reach our own time at a stage where heat and air and atmosphere are running lower than usual. Thus the predestined end is foreshadowed in the not distant future."

This conception, says Professor Chamberlain, shaped the earth's history as a progress from excess to emaciation, a sliding down the scale. It made the life history only one episode in the great decline from the too hot and the too large to the too cold and the too little.

This hypothesis developed a number of facts which will be briefly stated later. The new theory, called the planetesimal hypothesis, pictures the earth, first, as a part of a widespread cold nebula, a mass of finely divided solid and gaseous. This enormous dust cloud had a spiral motion. In various parts of it the matter that formed it began to condense into knots—

just as you can see the same process going on in the great nebula in the constellation Andromeda, a photograph of which appears on this page. As these knots collected about themselves more and more of the nebulous matter they grew in size. In the meantime a great mass of the nebula had condensed into a sun.

Volcanic action is accounted for under this theory by pressure, by chemical and by chemico-electric forces. The enormous bulk of matter which formed the central body or luminary would naturally have all these qualities immensely intensified. Air and water would form as the lighter gases gathered about the fast forming globe of heavier matter. As planets and their satellites grow larger the nebulous cloud from which they were formed would, of course, grow less.

Here we have an explanation of that

A Drawing of the Zodiacal Light as It Appears in Japan. The Weird Illumination is Supposed to be Caused by the Sun's Rays Reflected from Clouds of Nebulous Dust in Space.



"Our earth racing through space, bombarded by 146,000,000,000 meteors a year, sweeping through clouds of cosmic dust and steadily growing larger like a snowball rolling down a hill."—The picture shows how our globe winds probably appear from the moon, the meteoric flashing into fire as they hit our atmosphere, the cosmic dust shining in the sun rays, the mysterious zodiacal light streaming behind it.

There are no more deserts now than there ever were. Geologic records show areas once arid are now fertile and once fertile areas are now arid.

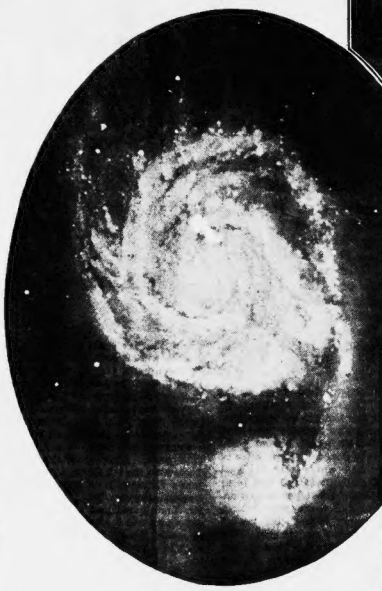
The content of the atmosphere has changed but little, it may be said. "A small proportion of carbon dioxide is essential to plant life and animal life while a large proportion would be fatal to air-breathing animals," says Professor Chamberlain. "If the three or four hundredths of one per cent now present were lost all life would go with it; if it were increased to a few per cent the higher life would be suppressed or radically changed. And yet, on the one hand, the theoretical sources of supply are abundant; while on the other, the agencies of depletion are efficient and active. There is little escape from the conclusion that ever since the birth of air-breathing life some 30,000,000 or 40,000,000 years ago the interplay of these agencies of supply and depletion has been so balanced that neither fatal excess nor fatal deficiency has been permitted to cut short the history of the higher life."

"In even a more serious way the habitability of the earth is conditioned on a narrow range of mean temperatures—a range, roughly speaking of 100 degrees centigrade. This is scarcely 5 per cent of the range of natural temperatures on the earth and a still smaller per cent of the range of temperatures in the heavens. A few miles above us, and a few miles below us, total temperatures prevail. It is profoundly significant that the thermal states of the narrow zone of life on the face of the earth should have been kept within such close variations as to permit the millions of species forming the great geological lines leading up from the primitive types to have perpetuated their lineages by unbroken continuity for such ages, while the prevalent temperatures a few miles above them or a few miles below them, as well as in space generally, would have been fatal."

While the forces of the decrease of maintenance of human life on earth seem to have been fixed for all ages, and will remain fixed for countless other ages, overruling the gloomy predictions of an earth dying of cold, it would seem that the great disaster that we do face is this very preservation of fragments in the course along which we race. As Professor Chamberlain says:

"Present knowledge points to one tangible possibility of disaster—collision with some celestial body or close approach to some sun or other great mass, large enough to bring disaster by its disturbing or disruptive effects."

"The motions of the stars, however, lie in diverse directions, and collisions and close approaches between them are theoretically possible, if not probable, and even inevitable. There are also in the heavens nebular and other forms of scattered matter, and doubtless also dark bodies, which may likewise offer possibilities of collision. The appearance of new stars flashing out suddenly and then gradually dying away suggests the actual occurrence of such events."



"The Pinwheel in the Heavens." The Great Nebula in the Constellation Andromeda, Which Science Believes is a Solar System in the Making. The Knot of Shining Matter at the End of the Spiral and the Central Mass Will Gradually Condense Into Sun While Knots Will Become Planets. Growing Steadily Larger as They Collect Upon Their Surfaces the Nebulous Matter in Which They Whirl.

our earth is much slower than it was when there was more matter in the space immediately about us to collect. Professor Chamberlain in demolishing the old theory also overturns a number of other current ideas.

Ever since the earth was clothed with an atmosphere and a hydrosphere—that is, air and water—there have been continents and oceans. There was never a time when ocean covered the whole world, but the ocean has many times covered what are now continents, and continents have existed where there are now oceans.



Meteoric Dust Collected from the Deck of a Vessel After a Meteor Had Exploded Above It. The Pear Shaped Object is a Particle of This Dust as It Appears Under the Microscope.



How the Earth in August Passes Through the Meteor Swarm. The Large Arc of the Circle Shows the Orbit of the Shooting Stars; the Circle Shows the Path of the Earth Through Them Around the Sun.

Lady Cholmondeley's Triumph

Crowded Out of an Important Part in the New Play She Wins Conspicuous Attention by an Unexpected Coup in the Daring "Beauty Spot" Scene

When Lady George Cholmondeley, weighed down by the assured pride of her husband's noble family, of which the Marquis of Cholmondeley is the head, found that the war had left her husband and herself in very precarious financial circumstances, she decided to do what many other titled persons have had to do—to work.

It was Sir Alfred Butt, the well known English play producer, who appreciated her ladyship as an addition to his bunch of beauty and talent in which he hoped to give a knock out to the Parisian public in the opening of his new Palace Theatre in Paris.

Lord Cholmondeley, pronouncing his name, of course, as it is very spelled "Chumley."

Lady Cholmondeley was given a role at the beginning, but the avacious desire of the star of the piece, Regine Flory, to be the whole thing in the production, combined with Sir Alfred's ambition to force his judgment upon the very experts he had engaged to do certain work in the way of stage direction and artistic interpretation, about every constant clashing and disputes between French and English actors.

Lady Cholmondeley found herself the night before the opening, "without an entrance," as were several other stars of the production.

Now, an actress might be on the stage most of the time during the entire evening, but if she had arrived there "without an entrance," to her mind, no realization of her fondest dream or desire could possibly compensate for this cruel, tragic oversight of the author.

Something must be done. Was Lady Cholmondeley equal to the emergency? Lady Cholmondeley pondered the situation. She and her handsome husband had been engaged and promised important parts in the piece. Her very role had been demanded of the star, Mlle. Flory.

There was little or nothing left in Lady Cholmondeley's part—merely standing about on the stage; no lines, no "entrances," she came in with the others and went out with the others. She was never in the centre of the stage.

Lady Cholmondeley's busiest time on the stage was in the scenes which picture and review the sanity and enquiry of the women of the alien times in the playing of the "Prize of Beauty," or beauty spot. One after another, the women appeared on the scene with beauty spots on the cheek, on the neck, on the shoulder, on the back, on the knee, each special spot displayed most conspicuously by a very French arrangement of openings in the costumes as the location required.

But wait! Was there perhaps a chance here to do something odd, daring, something different from the others in this scene?

Lady Cholmondeley would show the star, Mlle. Flory, that she could not be crowded out of just recognition. If she had no "con-

dance" and no lines, yet she would hold the eye of the audience in spite of Mlle. Flory.

A beauty spot? Yes, Lady Cholmondeley had one. It was not on her nose, nor her cheek, nor her arm.

And on the opening night in the beauty spot scene Lady Cholmondeley proved to be the hit of the piece when she appeared in a wonderful gown, open at one side, displaying a most artistic beauty spot on her hip. The beauty spots of the others were artificial, being made with black court plaster; that of Lady Cholmondeley was real!

As she entered all her family's friends in the boxes applauded warmly, and considering the scarcity of her costume, her ladyship must have appreciated the warmth of the applause. In the boxes were Mr. Balfour, Lord Derby, Baron Rothschild and Lord Pembroke. And in the adjoining box was no less a personage than our own Premier.

All eyes turned from Mlle. Flory, the star, the Lady Cholmondeley and her beauty spot.

Lady Cholmondeley had triumphed! Lady Cholmondeley at one time held the public eye in England in a divorce scandal that became notorious. Even the doing of the Peace Commission sank into insignificance as to their importance when the space given in the newspapers to the divorce is compared to that allotted to the proceedings of this epoch-making gathering. She was originally an American girl, Claire Taylor, coming from Omaha, Neb., and was brought up in Washington. She went to New York and was engaged to play in "The Wild Rose," and, later, went to London in Sam Shuer's "Dolly Varden." In which Mabelle Gilman, now Mrs. Ellis Carey, wife of the Pittsburgh steel magnate, was the star.

It was while she was in "The Earl and the Girl" that she met J. A. Stirling, a Scottish laird and an officer in the Scots Guards. It was a case of love at first sight, resulting in their marriage. Everything went along well for a time until busy-bodies commenced to mix in and caused trouble. Almost before she knew it she found herself in the midst of a divorce suit that made her the most talked-about woman in England. There were suits and counter-suits involving Viscount Northland, who was killed in the war, and Mrs. Atherton, a noted society beauty of London.

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The Handsome Lord George Cholmondeley



Lady Cholmondeley (Formerly Miss Claire Taylor, of Omaha,) in Her Daring Costume Which Eclipsed the Star of the Show

don, sister of Sir Aubrey Dean Park. She has since married Captain Elliott, co-author with Balfour of "The Better Off."

The divorce proceedings were long and terrible. The newspapers carried columns every day of the most sensational evidence involving many people in high positions in London society, and, finally, the decision was given against Lady Cholmondeley.

"But," said Lady Cholmondeley, "what else could you expect from a Scotch court? To find justice before such a tribunal you'd have to search with a microscope only to discover that such a thing never existed there. They gave the decree against me in two letters, which, unfortunately, it was possible to construe in two ways. This pitiful evidence did not seem to count against the fact that I proved that my husband had spent twenty-one days in a hotel, with connecting rooms, with the lady in the case. However, my husband and I are now the best of friends and he had arranged that if anything had happened to him in the war I was to have the custody of my son. I received thousands of letters from all over England protesting against the decision of the husband, but the other day I told my former court clerk that I could not understand why, after he had spent a fortune to get rid of me, he was always hanging about after me."

Stirling made a remarkable record in the war, having gained the Legion of Honor, the French War Cross, the Distinguished Service Order and the M. C.

Four years after the divorce Lady Cholmondeley returned to the stage in "Our Miss Gibbs," at the Gaiety, where she met, and, after a brief, romantic courtship, married Lord George Cholmondeley, second baronet of the part-time Lord Great Chamberlain of England, brother of the Earl of Rockingham, the famous polo player, well known in America, who married the daughter, Miss Sassoon, granddaughter of Baron Rothschild.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Cholmondeleys are one of the most ancient and illustrious noble families of England. The family name is celebrated throughout the world as the most distinguished example of those old English names which are pronounced otherwise than they are spelled.

The present Marquis of Cholmondeley's oldest title, among a number of others, is that of Baron Cholmondeley, which was created in 1683, but centuries before that the family was famous in English history. The Marquis has been prominent at court and holds the office of Joint Honorary Lord Great Chamberlain of the Household. This office differs from that of the Lord Chamberlain, who directs the court functions, in that it involves no work. As the result of an ancient family dispute the Marquis of Cholmondeley has agreed to discharge the non-laborious duties of Lord Great Chamberlain in relation with the Earls of Arundel.

The Marquis of Cholmondeley's eldest son is known as Earl of Rockingham, bearing one of the minor titles of the Marquis. Lord George Cholmondeley is the second son. All the younger sons are "lords by courtesy," using the title with their Christian names, as for instance, "Lord George Cholmondeley, Lord John Cholmondeley," etc.

The Earl of Rockingham is a very prominent sportsman and polo player, and accompanied the victorious British polo team to America and was here on many occasions. He was at one time observed to be very attentive to the charming Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, but he found as rich a bride in Miss Sybil Sassoon, who de-

her wealth both from the noted Anglo-Indian family of Sassoon and the Rothschilds.

Lord George Cholmondeley's wedding with his fair American bride was not considered as brilliant a family alliance as his brother had made, but perhaps she is her striking display of her talents a different view of the affair will be taken.

Lord George himself is counted as quite a fascinating young man. He has, for instance, the reputation of being the handsomest man in England. He was a major in the Royal Horse Artillery during the war, commanding a battery, and made decidedly good in the Somme campaign, gaining the M. C. and being appointed brigade major to General Allenby's chief of artillery. He covered himself with glory and is now in Egypt, from where he will soon be returning to England to join his wife.

Lady Cholmondeley spent two years in war work in the war zone in France. She did commendable work with Lady Angela Forbes's canteen organization at Etaples and with the Officers' Club at Boulogne. The sacrifices which she and her husband made during the war did not prevent their station getting into such a lamentable state that Lord Cholmondeley, as well as his wife, will be forced to work to earn enough to live.

"But the stage in France does not have any attraction for me," said Lady Cholmondeley. "Some people think the atmosphere of the theatre in England and America is about as polluted as you could find. Let me tell you, after my experience in France, that what we find in America and England on the stage is like an institution for the propagation of virtue and the wholesome realization of all that is best in life compared with what one meets here in France. I have become thoroughly disgusted and it is my intention to return to America and take up cinema work. My husband may come with me. I could never be content to remain in the theatre in France. It is more than ought to be demanded from any girl who has any respect for herself."



Mlle. Flory, the Star, Who Desired to Shine Alone.

THAT the war was what Sherman said it was is being fully appreciated by a large number of titled English people.

Their changed financial situation has forced them to go to work, a thing that they have been taught to believe to be "too menial for the upper classes."

But the war has come so close to eliminating class distinction in England, uprooting false pride and destroying the ancient equilibrium, that you find English titled people entering many strange fields of opportunity to work out their existence. A titled person in England, today, can do any kind of work, and it is not commented upon. In fact, the general opinion is that he deserves it.

So you find ladies of title going into the dress-making business; others into the millinery and decorating; still some suffer themselves to become "sewmen." The men of title have forgotten the precepts which were taught by their fathers and are content to do anything, however lowly, to meet the new conditions which the war has imposed upon them.

Even the fact that a British noblewoman came to France to earn her living on a Parisian music hall stage by showing a rather unexpected beauty mark, excited no very curious, no adverse comment.

In fact, her first appearance was greeted by her titled family's friends, who enthusiastically applauded her.

WALKER-PARK

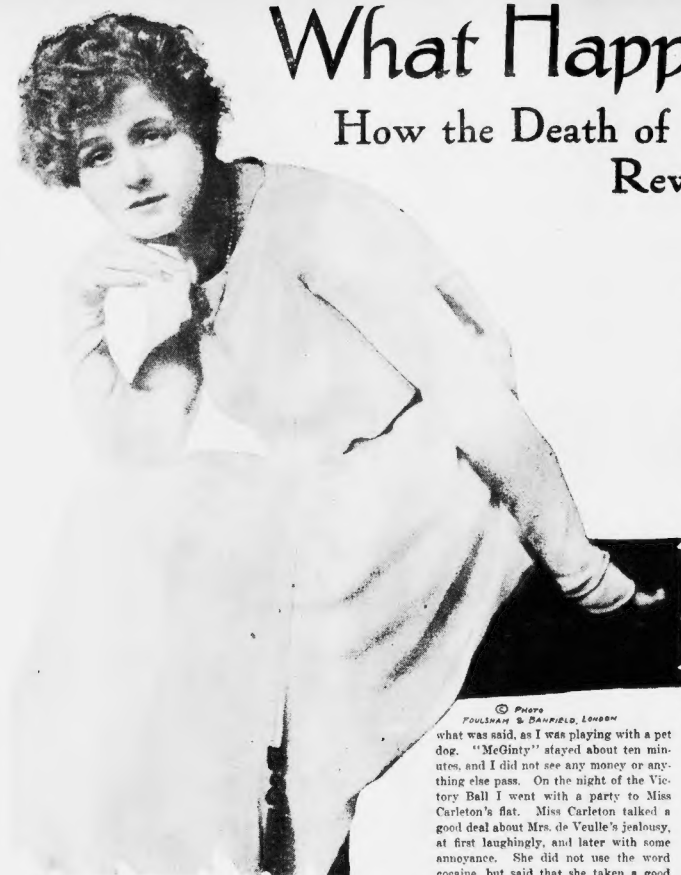
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What Happened After the Gay V

How the Death of Pretty Billie Carleton, Mysteriously Po

Revelations of London Night Life Dissipation

Startled All England and Stirred



Billie Carleton in one of her last photographs.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued from Last Sunday)
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MISS OLIVE RICHARDSON, the actress and friend of Belcher, was the next witness. She is a tall, young woman of striking appearance, with a creamy complexion and very dark hair. She wore a fashionable brown hat with a wide, flat brim, a handsome brown fur wrap and white kid gloves.

With the following incisive questions the London coroner pursued the inquiry into the mysterious death of pretty Billie Carleton, the Haymarket Theatre star, whose poisoned remains were found cold and dead in her own apartment a few hours after her gay night at the famous Victory Ball, last October.

THE CORONER: Where do you live?

OLIVE RICHARDSON: Great Portland street.

Q. Did you live there with Mr. Belcher?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you follow any occupation?

A. Yes, I am an actress.

Q. Were you ever at Kimful's place at Notting Hill?

A. Yes, about three months ago with Mr. Belcher. We were sitting talking with Kimful.

Q. Were you not taking drugs?

A. Well, I had taken a sniff of heroin.

Q. You all had?

A. Yes.

Q. That is what you went there for?

A. I suppose so. Miss Carleton and Mr. de Veulle arrived at Kimful's house in the early hours of the morning, about 1 o'clock. I was not under the influence of heroin at the time, and remember what happened perfectly well. We were introduced to the visitors. Mr. de Veulle and Kimful left the room, and Miss Carleton, in conversation, said that she had come to get some cocaine.

Q. Did she get it?

A. I don't know. She was only there a short time—about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Mr. de Veulle and Miss Carleton left together.

Q. Did you see any money change hands?

A. No.

Q. Have you ever been to Mr. de Veulle's flat?

A. Yes, on many occasions.

Q. When you were present at Mr. de Veulle's flat and the opium pipe was being passed around did you take it in turn?

A. Yes, as it came round.

Q. You finished your pipe first?

A. We finished one little tiny pill, and then it is passed round.

Q. Do you remember a telegram coming to the flat for Mr. Belcher on November 25, asking him to meet "McGinty" at the Cafe Royal?

A. Yes, I do. Mr. Belcher went out and took some cocaine with him. The next day a similar telegram arrived, and he again went out, but did not take any cocaine with him on that occasion. On the morning of the Victory Ball I was in Mr. Belcher's flat when "McGinty" called. "McGinty" came into the bedroom and had some conversation with Mr. Belcher, but I have no idea

what was said, as I was playing with a pet dog. "McGinty" stayed about ten minutes, and I did not see any money or anything else pass. On the night of the Victory Ball I went with a party to Miss Carleton's flat. Miss Carleton talked a good deal about Mrs. de Veulle's jealousy, at first laughingly, and later with some annoyance. She did not use the word cocaine, but said that she taken a good "sniff." She talked a great deal of the future and her contemplated visits to Paris and America. Later she took out some jewels, and said, "I have just got these out of pawn. I pawned them to get some clothes."

Q. Did you ever see Miss Carleton take cocaine at Mr. de Veulle's flat?

A. On one occasion I saw her take cocaine, but I did not see Mr. de Veulle take any. Mr. de Veulle said that he obtained it from a Mrs. Lo Ping Yoo.

DR. FREDERICK STEWART, the intimate friend and medical adviser of Billie Carleton, was recalled.

THE CORONER: Did you ever give any of the money you held for Miss Carleton to de Veulle?

DR. STEWART: I do not think so—not directly.

Q. Or to Kimful?

A. No, sir.

Q. Or Belcher?

A. No.

Q. You said in your evidence at the last hearing that you urged deceased not to take cocaine?

A. I did, very strongly. I wrote a letter to her to that effect.

Q. When was that?

A. I think it must have been after I took the cocaine away from her at the Prince of Wales's Theatre episode. It was May or June of last year. I begged her give it up.

Q. When you took it from her did you not say, "Where did you get this?"

A. No, Miss Carleton either told me everything or nothing about things.

Q. But surely you would say, "Where did you get this from?"

A. Eventually she told me over the telephone that she was getting it from Nottingham Gate.

Q. Has she ever told you where else she got cocaine from?

A. Not definitely.

Q. I thought you said in your statement to the police that you had known for some months that she had been getting cocaine from de Veulle? Now, just think?

A. I suspected it; that was all. The first time I knew of the real source of supply was when Miss Carleton informed me over the telephone that she had got it from Nottingham Gate.

Q. Look at your own letter. Can you give me a date to it? What month was it in?

A. I think May.

Q. In that letter do you repeatedly warn her against the dangers of taking cocaine?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you ever give deceased any cocaine yourself?

A. Never, sir.

MR. HAYES: Did you not know that de Veulle was giving it?

A. I did not know it definitely. I never saw it passed.

Q. Did you know that it was not Mr. Belcher who at first taught her to smoke opium?

A. Yes.

Q. She told you?

A. Yes.

Q. You know the name of the man. I am compelled, in case there is a suspicion against Mr. Belcher, to ask

who is the person whom Billie Carleton told you first taught her to smoke opium?

A. She told me Mr. Jack May taught her to smoke opium.

MR. CHATTERTON: Have you any definite knowledge that de Veulle ever gave Miss Carleton any cocaine?

A. Only her statement afterward. I have never seen him give her cocaine.

Q. Then it is not within your knowledge?

A. Except what she told me. I acted as custodian of Miss Carleton's money and made certain investments. I kept an account in pencil.

Q. Have you ever made any disbursements to Mr. de Veulle on her behalf?

A. Not that I remember. I have no record of such a thing.

THE CORONER: When you asked de Veulle not to give Miss Carleton any cocaine what did he say?

A. He said, "No, I won't give her any again."

Q. Did he say he had never given her any?

A. No, he did not.

MRS. MARY HICKS, de Veulle's servant, known as "McGinty," was then called.

THE CORONER: Try and recollect the conversation you had with Mr. de Veulle on the night of the inquest?

MARY HICKS: He was rather upset over the inquest.

Q. That was the first inquest?

A. Yes. He said to me, "McGinty, if you give me away I will see your baby starve."

Q. Anything else?

A. He said, "I will get your separation allowance stopped." I told him not to touch my baby, as my baby had never done anything wrong to him. The baby was only two years old. I told him he could do anything he liked to me, but not to my baby.

Q. What was he talking about?

A. About cocaine; because he knew it.

Q. He knew what?

A. He knew that he sent me for it, and that I had him in my power.

Q. Did you know the cocaine was meant for Miss Carleton?

A. He meant half for her of the \$25 worth I had on November 25 from Belcher. He said, "If you go back to the theatre don't let her take more than half." I did not know at the time that it was wrong to be supplying cocaine like that. I simply obeyed my master. He Veulle never told me that he had given cocaine to Miss Carleton.

Q. Do you know that de Veulle received money from Miss Carleton?

A. I know he received a lot of money. I thought it was for her dress.

Q. What do you mean by a lot?

A. I used to go and get \$10 or \$15 from Miss Carleton for Mr. de Veulle. I fetched the money. The last was at the end of August, I think. He asked me to fetch it.

Q. What was it for?

A. He asked Miss Carleton for the loan of it. He told me to tell her he wanted it.

Q. What did he want it for?

A. Well, I know I spent that \$10 on shopping.

Q. At the time you went to Mr. Tinsley to buy cocaine you were also in the employ of deceased?

A. No, not at that time.

Q. You were receiving wages from Miss Carleton?

A. During September and October, I think, but not at the time you mention.

Q. When were you in Miss Carleton's employ?

A. At the latter end of August, before she came to Mr. de Veulle's flat. I went to Tinsley's in July. Mr. de Veulle gave me \$15, which he said Miss Carleton gave him. Mr. Tinsley called at the flat and said he would not leave anything except for \$15. Mr. de Veulle gave me the address to go to, and I went for Miss Carleton on Mr. de Veulle's instructions.

Q. How often did you go?

A. I went three times to Limehouse. The first occasion was some time after the smoking party in Conduit street. It might have been about September. I took a letter and \$20 to get cocaine. Mr. de Veulle told me what was in the letter. I also bought joss sticks and incense for de Veulle at Piccadilly Arcade.

MR. JOHN MARSH, a retired millionaire and friend-in-law of de Veulle, then took the stand.

THE CORONER: Where do you live?

MR. MARSH: Saville Row.

Q. How long have you known Miss Carleton?

A. For about six years.

Q. During that time did you supply her with money?

A. Yes, frequently in large sums.

Q. Did she always get whatever she asked for?

A. Yes, I never refused whatever she asked.

Q. If Miss Carleton had been in financial difficulties she could have had unlimited amounts from you?

A. She could have had money within reason from me on the day of her death if she had asked for it.

Q. When did you last see her?

A. She had tea at my flat on the Wednesday of the Victory Ball about 5 o'clock.

Q. Was that the only time you saw her that day?

A. She also came in in the morning about 12 o'clock, and wanted me to give her money to get her jewelry out of pawn. She said she had it in pawn for \$5,000, and it was worth about \$10,000. If I would get it out of pawn she would sell the jewelry and pay me back the \$5,000.

Q. What did you do?

A. I agreed, and went with her to my own bank, where

I drew \$5,250 and got the jewelry out of pawn. She took it away, as she wanted to wear it at the ball, and said she would sell it afterward.

Q. What was this jewelry?

A. It consisted of rings, pearls, a diamond wristlet watch and other things.

Q. Did you have any dispute with her?

A. There was no quarrel between us; we were always good friends. I did not know that she took drugs and had never supplied her with any. She never spoke to me of cocaine.

Q. After she came to your flat and had tea about 5 o'clock where did she go?

A. After tea she went in a taxicab to the Savoy Hotel, and I accompanied her en route as far as the Turkish baths. That was about 6 P. M.

Thomas Woodbridge, a chemist of shady reputation, was now put on the witness stand.

THE CORONER: What is your business?

MR. WOOLDRIDGE: Chemist and druggist.

THE CORONER: Let Belcher stand up.

Q. Have you seen that man before?

MR. WOOLDRIDGE: No, sir—not to my knowledge. I do not recognize him.

Q. He said he went to your shop two months ago and he bought from you a bottle of cocaine and a bottle of heroin, for which he paid \$50 each. You would not be likely to forget that?

A. I have never sold it to him.

Q. He said, "I got as much as would fill the gold box four or five times. I would recognize the man who sold it to me." He has made some serious statements about you.

A. I deny them, sir.

Belcher was recalled to the stand to confront the chemist.

THE CORONER: You have had a good look at Mr. Woodbridge, the chemist?

BELCHER: Yes.

Q. Is he the man who sold you the cocaine?

A. Yes.

Q. And the heroin?

A. Yes.

Q. How often did you call at the shop, and purchase these drugs?

A. I should say about three or four times.

Q. Has he served you every time?

A. Yes, every time.

Q. Have you any doubt about him?

A. No doubt whatever.

MR. HUNTLY JENKINS: Do you deny that the whole of your evidence at the first hearing, or a large proportion of it, was untrue?

A. Yes.

Q. Was your oath binding on your conscience?

A. I do not think I could have realized the gravity of it, but still I did swear to it. I did not like to mention names, that was my reason.

Q. Do you realize that the evidence you are giving here puts you in a very serious position?

A. Very likely.

Q. When you bought this cocaine from the Lisle street chemist did you realize what it was for?

A. The cocaine! Certainly.

Q. You knew that this dangerous drug was for a young girl hardly out of her teens?

A. I did not.

Q. You knew it was for Miss Billie Carleton?

A. Never. I thought it was for de Veulle.

Q. All for de Veulle?

A. I was surprised at the repeated demands for it.

Q. Has it dawned upon you that if criminally proved, it was your evidence would be highly important to the Crown?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you have any trouble in getting the chemist to supply you?

A. Yes, he hesitated and I had to persuade him. He pretended at first that he didn't know Kimful, and then he said he did, and he gave me a bottle marked with a red cross.

MR. MYERS: You were prepared to lie for the sake of a man you had known for some months only. Are you prepared to lie to save yourself?

MR. HAYES: I strongly object. Every one who



Miss Olive Richardson, the ac

Victory Ball

poisoned, Has Led to
ons Which Have
the Police to Clean
Up the Plague
Spots of the
British Capital



In the early morning hours Billie Carleton and de Veulle went down to the wretched slums of London's Chinatown and sought cocaine in the evil den of Don Kimful, an Egyptian.

press, who described the opium parties

examines this unfortunate witness puts that question.
THE CORONER: I think we might pass it over.
MR. MYERS: Do you ask the jury to believe that you
prepared to lie to save your own reputation?
Not now.

The coroner paused for a moment, let his eyes wander
the court room and then called the name which all
were waiting to hear—Raoul Reginald de Veulle.
Young man disposed himself comfortably in the wit-
ness chair.

THE CORONER: What is your address?
REGGIE DE VEUILLE: I have been hounded from
place to another, and am at present without a per-
manent residence.

What is your age?
Thirty-eight years old.
What is your business?
I am engaged with my wife as a dress designer at
Paris.

What is your income?
Between us we have made over \$5,000 a year.
Are you a British subject?
Yes, I was born in Le Mans, in France. My
wife is British.

How long have you known Miss Carleton?
About four years.
When did you first know she took cocaine?
Only a very few months ago.

You have taken cocaine yourself?
Yes, slightly, not a great deal.
When did you first take it?
A long time ago. Then I did not take it again for
months. I took it when I played in America.

How long have you taken it in England?
I have taken very little in England. I bought a
small quantity in Paris.
When did you bring this cocaine from Paris?
I don't really remember the date; it was some
time ago.

And you have taken it continuously since then?
Certainly not. I took it only a few months, and
stopped entirely.
When did you start again?
Only a few months ago.

Q. Where did you get it?
A. Well, the first time I bought it at that party I
asked the Chinese woman to sell me some.

Q. Where else?
A. From Mr. Belcher.
Q. Did you know where he got it?
A. I haven't the faintest idea.

Q. Did you pay him for it?
A. Yes.
Q. Always?
A. I think I owe him \$25 for the last time.

Q. Have you supplied cocaine to Miss Carleton?
A. Never in my life.
Q. Do you really mean that, de Veulle?
A. On my word of honor.

Q. Did you go with her to Kimful's about three
months ago?
A. I did.

Q. What for?
A. Well, we supped together at the Savoy, and she
said she wanted to go in a taxi to a place where she could
get cocaine. I didn't know where she was going; I didn't
know she knew Kimful.

Q. But why should you go with her? It must have
been after midnight.
A. It might have been 1 in the morning.

Q. Did you get cocaine?
A. No; he said he hadn't got any, and he seemed
rather annoyed that she had come down.

Q. Who was going to pay for it, both of you?
A. No, she was. It's frightfully expensive; I couldn't
afford to buy it often. She often gave me some.

Q. You didn't get any that night?
A. We didn't.
Q. Who asked for the cocaine?
A. Miss Carleton.

Q. Did you keep the taxi waiting?
A. We did.
Q. You say you have never supplied her with cocaine
in your life?
A. Never.

Q. Do you know that Miss Carleton has told several
people that you did?
A. I am perfectly aware of it. It is absolutely untrue.

Q. You know she told Dr. Stewart?
A. I know she told Dr. Stewart.
Q. Do you remember Dr. Stewart speaking to you
about not giving her cocaine?
A. Yes, and I told him that I never supplied her with
cocaine.

Q. He doesn't say that, you know?
A. No, but I didn't supply her.
Q. Did you hear Miss Longfellow give her evidence?
Yes, heard what she said?

A. I did.
Q. Miss Longfellow said, "Deceased told me de Veulle
got it for her." Is that untrue?
A. Absolutely untrue.

Q. And you heard Miss Fay Compton say the same
thing?
A. I did.
Q. She stated that deceased said, "If you only knew
how impossible it is to resist it when it is brought to me."
I said, "Who brought it to you to-night?" She said,

"Reggie de Veulle." Is that untrue?
A. Absolutely.
Q. Then Miss Longfellow said that she had seen you
offering it to the deceased. What about that?

A. Well, I can explain that. Miss Longfellow had
been giving us a very dramatic afternoon about dope, and
Billie said to me, "Let us make out we're going to take
some."

I went to a box and took out some face powder
for fun. Afterward we laughed, and we told her it was
only fun. My wife said it was a silly joke.

Q. That was very real acting, you know? You sniffed
cocaine?
A. No, it was face powder.

Q. But you know this won't do, de Veulle. It is very
ingenious, but quite unconvincing. You know what you
said when Belcher came to see you on the night of No-
vember 29. Didn't you then say, "No one has seen me
give Billie cocaine except Miss Longfellow?"

A. I didn't mention the name.
Q. Do you swear that?
A. I don't think I said it. I don't remember.

Q. You know perfectly well Belcher came to see you
about the inquest. You told him not to say anything,
and you said you were not going to say anything?

A. I simply didn't want Billie's name to be dragged
in as it has been. That's why I said, "Don't say any-
thing." It was for no other reason.

Q. What do you say you said when Belcher came to
see you after the inquest?
A. I said, "For God's sake, it's bad enough for her to
be dead. Don't mention this thing. She will be dragged
through the gutter."

Q. That's not what I mean. I mean about no one
having seen you give cocaine except Miss Longfellow?
A. I certainly did say that no one had seen me give her
cocaine, but I didn't say "except Miss Longfellow."

Q. Was Miss Carleton staying with you in your flat at
that time?
A. No, not then. She stayed there two days after.

Q. Where was she staying then?
A. In Longacre, I think. In fact, I know she was.
Q. McGinty used to go there every morning?
A. Yes, she used to go there because Miss Carleton
had no maid.

Q. Why should she write the address and give it to
you? McGinty was going to her flat every day. Why
should she give the address to you to give to McGinty?
A. Oh, only because we were friends.

Q. Then you were helping Miss Carleton to get co-
caine?
MR. CHATTERTON: I must advise my client not to
answer that question.

THE CORONER: He can refuse if he likes.
MR. CHATTERTON: I think it is an unfair question,
and I must ask him not to answer it.

THE CORONER: If you are going to comment on my

questions I shall ask you to leave the court. I can ask
him any question I like. De Veulle, do you refuse to
answer that question?

DE VEUILLE: Yes.
Q. You gave McGinty some money to get this cocaine?
A. Yes; \$10 or \$15 I think. It was a very small amount.

Q. Have you ever received any payments from Miss
Carleton?
A. Oh, yes.

Q. For cocaine?
A. Never.
Q. What were they for?
A. All sorts of things. For instance, I arranged the
whole of her flat.

Q. These payments were not for cocaine then?
A. Certainly not.
Q. I see there are three payments at least in 1917 of
\$25 each?

A. She often gave me money.
Q. I see. If you were supplying her with cocaine
those payments would look suspicious, would they not?
A. Yes, but I never did.

Q. Is this letter in your handwriting?
A. Yes.
THE CORONER: I will read the letter. "I want you
to do something for me this afternoon. I had a great bill
that Gets (his wife) knows nothing about, and I must
pay \$40 on account this afternoon. Will you let me
have \$50 when I come to see you, and I will take it off
when you pay the \$30 for your dress? I will give them
the \$40 with your \$40 and that will arrange things."

... I am going out after lunch for the thing we
discussed yesterday, and hope to bring it with me."

Q. Is that cocaine?
A. No.
Q. What is it?
A. I don't know.

THE CORONER (continuing reading): "Otherwise
I will try another place for it." What was that? Was
it cocaine?

A. I don't know what it was.
Q. What is the meaning of it? Try to give some ex-
planation or I shall draw my own conclusions.

A. I don't recollect.
Q. Look at this paper which was found in the de-
ceased's bag. Do you see your name there three or four
times? On the top line it says, "Reggie," and in quo-
tation marks "Pills." What do "pills" mean?

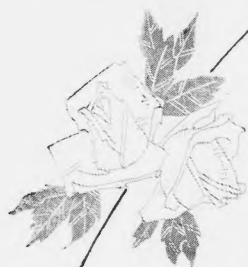
A. You see, she wanted to be wonderfully brilliant for
the ball, and I was to make her a wonderful frock.
Q. Isn't it rather odd she should put the word "pills"
like that? Does that suggest anything to you? Did you
ever speak of cocaine as "pills"?

A. Never.
Q. You had been warned about giving Miss Carleton
cocaine by Dr. Stewart?
A. Yes.

Q. And by Miss Longfellow?
A. Yes.
At this point the inquiry was adjourned for the day,
but was continued next morning with de Veulle on the
witness stand, subjected to a merciless fire of questions.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Open Air Dresses by Lady Duff-Gordon



A Dark
Charmeuse
Suit,
White
Sailor-like
Collar,
White
Satin
Waistcoat
and
Gracefully
Draped
Skirt
Lift
It Above
the
Commonplace.



A Smart Walking Dress of Light Serge. The
Arrangement of the Revers and Satin
Belt Give Extra Smart Touches.



An Informal Costume of Light Summer
Corduroy. Its Smartest Notes
Are in the Collar of Shadow
Lace, the High Black Leather
Belt and the Black Velvet
Neck Ribbon.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at 37 and 39 West Fifty-Seventh street, New York, and 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

AN important item in the selection of a Summer wardrobe is the collection of open-air dresses. They must be fresh; no wrinkled or crushed folds to testify to carelessness, no faintest spot upon their clear surfaces. They must be of light texture. Preferably they must be of light colors, though she is a woman of little foresight who had no dark, always ready frock hanging in her closet. They should be loose fitting. They should have the aspect, and it is desirable that they have the reality, of being cool garments.

The large middle figure is a next-to-the-lightest costume of Summer. It is made of the lightest weight cloth. Serges and gabardines nearly as light as silk have been produced by the Winter-working looms for Summer attire. This is an example of how like to silk serge may be. It is fashioned into a one-piece gown of pleasing simplicity, yet of smart effect. The skirt may be termed scantily full. It is gathered upon a high belt and has two deep folds, one above, one below the knees. The high, straight bodice is fitted in at the front by a wide collar element of the lace-trimmed lawn. Wide ravers, in part satin faced and connected by a narrow, folded belt in front, give extra smart touches.

The negligite quality of this season's belts is seen in another instance. The thin girdle used in this costume might be termed an after-thought belt. Yet the skirt would seem a bit stereotyped, rather usual, so to speak, were it not for this loose, narrow belt with its ebony clasp. Beside this walking costume the upper right-hand figure stands disclosing slightly less formal apparel. It is a sport suit of Summer weight corduroy. It is slightly cut away in front, which is a new touch. The high black leather belt is a note of contrast and smartness. The wide collar of shadow lace and the demure black velvet ribbon and bow are other smartnesses. The tendency to the elaborate use of buttons for trimmings is expressed by the rows upon the close-fitting sleeves. The rows of buttons reach to the elbows. The third illustration is one of a pleasing always ready to wear suit of dark charmeuse. The slightly rousured effect of the drapery, the broad front plait, the white satin waistcoat, all cause it to stand out from the commonplace.

The Red Lady ~ by Katharine Newlin Burt

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

A MYSTERIOUS message thrust into her hand on a New York street leads Janice Gale to take the position of housekeeper at Mrs. Theodore Brane's Southern home, The Pines. She is amazed to see the fear which the sight of her flaming red-gold hair excites in little Robbie Brane. The household is aroused almost nightly by the boy's screams of terror at a red-haired woman, and the nervous are set on edge because of queer noises and other things that make the servants think the house haunted. Soon after Mrs. Gale's arrival Paul Dabney comes to examine the late Mr. Brane's Russian library. Robbie dies one night in a fit of terror, clutching in his hand a strand of red-gold hair. Dabney drags Janice from her room to the boy's bedside and confronts her with what he evidently believes conclusive proof of her responsibility for the tragedy. But even his cruel suspicions cannot shake the love she has begun to feel for Dabney. Mrs. Brane confides to Janice that her husband left great wealth, but that she does not know where it is hidden. In the library, late one night, Janice is startled by the apparition of a woman who is her exact double. With this clue to the mystery to work on, she determines to unravel whatever villainy is on foot. She learns of a plot to kill Dabney and "saves" him "at the risk of her own." That night Janice sees her double in the garden. The next morning a letter is found there. Janice guesses it was lost by her double as she sat with Paul Dabney. In the afternoon she offers to translate a certain mysterious note which Janice had previously taken from its secret hiding place in the library. Janice signs a note to keep where she finds a "mysterious Russian priest" who translates the "sacred" script for her. After memorizing this she destroys it. On her way home she is bound and cruelly beaten by her double, who is enraged at not finding on her the paper she seeks.

CHAPTER XIII.

My First Move.

THE woman who so unmercifully used me had not taken into account the fact that the spirit is stronger than the flesh. Certainly, the next morning I wanted nothing so much as to lie still in my bed for a week. My cuts and bruises were stiff and sore; I ached from head to foot. But my resolution was strong. I had my meals sent up to me that day, however, but in the evening, after dinner, I sent for Sara. She came and presented herself, stately and impressive, at the foot of my bed. I fixed my eyes on her as coldly and malevolently as I could. "Sara," I said, "as you see, I chose to be laid up today."

"Now, without a moment's delay, I want you to leave for Pine Cone and stay there for the next twenty-four hours, or until I send for you." She looked surprised and reluctant, a red flush came up into her big face.

"So you can make off with the swag," she muttered, then shrunk at the word I gave her, and made an awkward and unwilling apology. "All right, then," she said, "how about the work?"

"I'll make it right with Mrs. Brane," I said, cryptic. "Trust me for that. Now, before you go, stop over to the dock there and write what I tell you."

"She obeyed and I dictated slowly. 'Meet me on the bridge at 11 o'clock tonight. Wait for me until I come, Maids.'"

"She looked at me with an ill-narrowed suspicion, and my heart quailed, but the moment of inspection passed. In fact, nobody could have imagined the resemblance that undoubtedly existed between the leader of the enterprise and my wretched, dying self."

"What's that for," she asked, "and what's up? Ain't I to know any thing? What price all this?"

"What price?" I echoed. "Just our lives—that's all. Do as I say and you'll be a wealthy woman in a fortnight. Don't do it, even a little bit, and perhaps you can sit where and what you will be."

"She gave me a hunted look, glanced about the room over her shoulder, and obedient to my gesture, handed me the paper she had written."

"And no questions asked," I added, sternly. "Don't let me hear another word of it. Show me your clock and hat and leave them in the kitchen on the chair near the stove. Get out as soon as you can, don't wait a minute. And leave the kitchen door unlocked. Go all the way to Pine Cone and stay in the room above the drug store. The woman is always ready to take a boarder. I'll send you word before to-morrow night. Get out, and be quick! Above all, don't be on the bridge to-night."

"She vanished like a shadow and I sat waiting with a pounding heart.

If she fell in with that red-haired double now, my game was up. Everything depended upon her leaving the house without any conflicting orders, without her suspecting my duplicity.

I sat up in bed till it seemed to me that she had had time to get my hat and cloak and to make her own preparations. Then, whispering with pain, I dragged myself up and limped over to my window.

A moment later Sara came round the corner of the house and started down the road. There was just enough twilight for me to make her out. She walked slowly and decorously, carrying a little bag in her hand. I wondered if Mary would come flying to me with the news of this departure, or if Mrs. Brane and Paul Dabney would observe it.

No attempt was made to stop her, however, or to call her back. She went on stolidly, and steadily passed out of my sight. It was in strange circumstances that I saw her big, handsome face again.

I waited till I thought she must have had time to reach the lane outside of The Pines gate; then I began painfully, slowly to creep into my clothes. Often I had to rest several times I stopped to cry for pain. But I kept on, and at last I could fully dressed before my mirror.

My mouth was cut and torn; my face scratched; a raw patch on one cheek, the marks of the branch laid red across the base of my neck and burned about my shoulders. The sight of my injuries and the pain of them, thinking afresh with movement, inflamed my anger and my courage.

I moved about the room several times, gradually limbering myself, then I went quietly out of my room and down the hall toward the kitchen stairs. It was then about 10 o'clock.

Mrs. Brane and Paul Dabney were probably in the drawing-room, quietly sipping their coffee; Mary was upstairs preparing Mrs. Brane's bedroom for the night; Henry would have washed up his dishes and gone upstairs to his room unless he had received some further orders from the hidden mistress of the house. I had to take this risk.

I stole down the kitchen stairs, and opening the door a crack, I peeped into the kitchen.

The lamp had been turned low, the fire was banked for the night. A plate with cup and fork and spoon was laid out on the kitchen table, and on the back of the stove a frying pan full of food was set to keep warm.

What a coward! Sara, must think her leader who she saw eat me heartily enough at Mrs. Brane's table, but who in sistered, besides, on a heavy meal at night!

I thought I knew who would presently appear to enjoy her supper. She would fancy the kitchen door securely locked; she would fancy that I was successfully hid up by the heels. I wondered what her plans for the night might be. I set my teeth hard to keep down the rage that mounted in me at the very thought of her.

Sara had obediently placed my cloak and hat on one of the kitchen chairs. I decided that there was no time to waste. I slipped quickly into the room—I was in my stocking feet—locked the kitchen door, and put the key in my pocket, put the note that I had written to Sara under the plate on the table, and then, stealing softly to the door of a narrow closet, where Sara kept her brooms, I squeezed myself in and locked the door on the inside.

When the key was removed I put my eye to the large, worn keyhole, and had a clear but limited view of the dim, empty room.

I knelt as comfortably as I could, for I knew that I should have to keep my position without the motion of a finger when the room should have an occupant.

My heart beat heavily and loudly, my hands trembled at every beat. I was a patient, a well-nigh unbearable half-hour that I spent cramped there in the closet, waiting, waiting, waiting.

At last, such a long last, there

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came the ghostly sound of a step. It drew nearer. I heard a faint noise of shifting boards, the door of the low closet under the stairs opened, and out stepped the hideous image of myself.

The shock of that resemblance almost sent me off into a faint. I had seen the creature only once face to face; now, in the dim light of the kitchen lamp, I studied her features. Disfigured by passion and guilt, it was, nevertheless, my face!

This woman was older, certainly, by many years, but a touch of paint and powder, the radiance of moonlight, might easily

disguise the lines and shadows. She was as slender as a girl, and a clever actress—she could easily simulate a look of innocence.

I almost forbore Paul Dabney as I watched this other "me" move about the kitchen on her noiseless feet.

She went to the stove, took up the frying pan and carried it over to the table. On the way she noticed my clock and hat and stopped, evidently startled, holding the pan in her hands.

She glanced nervously about the room, went over to the bar that was at the foot of the stairs and tried it. I was thankful that I had taken the precaution of locking it.

Myself like me that my unknown face returned. She must be some spirit clothed in my aura, possessing herself in some infernal fashion of my outward semblance. I could even feel her breath on my face as she came down my temple. I felt it run down my temples and into the night.

Another long minute she stood there, debating with herself; then she looked at the clock, made up her mind, and stepped quietly across the kitchen and out into the night.

I waited—a fortunate precaution—for she came back five minutes later and peered about. There was nothing to alarm her. She could not hear the pounding of my heart. She decided to follow the instructions and again disappeared.

I waited another fifteen minutes, then, cold with fear and excitement, I came out of my hiding place. I glided over to the door and looked out.

It was a dark and cloudy night. I could hear the whispering and rustling of the trees. There was no other sound, but could I hear anything else in the little garden except the gate, which was ajar and creaking faintly on its hinges. She had gone.

I came back hastily into the kitchen and lighted a candle which was stuck into a tin canister's on a shelf. I looked at the clock. It was now half past ten. In half an hour the woman would reach the bridge. She would wait for Maids, perhaps an hour, perhaps not so long. After that she would be suspicious and return.

I had, therefore, not more than an hour with me, waiting, to follow the directions I had memorized in the faded and illegible

I hoped she would not notice that the key was gone.

She returned to the table and sat down before the plate. Then she saw the note and snatched it up. She bent her body back, arranged so carefully in imitation of mine, over the writing. I could see her lips move. She looked up frowning, uncertain, surprised. Then she walked over to the stove, thrust Sara's note into the fire, returned and stood in deep thought the middle of the room.

I was sick with suspense. Clouds passed over my eyes. Would she fall into my clasp trap? Presently she walked slowly over to my clock and hat and put them on. With her hat pressing her soft hair down about her face she was so

my escape from the thick living place. Then I would return to the Pine Cone police.

I moved the door of the narrow closet under the stairs.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Secret of the Kitchen Closet.

I LIGHTED my candles, stepped into the closet, shutting the door behind me. The small space, no longer cluttered by old odds and ends of gardening tools, was clear to my eyes in every corner, and presented no common place an appearance that I was almost ready to believe that night

Continued on Page 16.

(Continued from
Page 54)

I put my arms out at a level with my shoulders, and grasped the beam in both hands. I pulled. Instantly a section about as long a

It looked quite as secure as any other, and, indeed, I had to work hard to clear away the cement that held it in place. When that was

I had never till that night felt the mysterious lure of precious stones. Kneeling there alone in the strange hiding-place I was pos-

up the plane. Through the pitchy darkness it advanced, bringing with it no light, but moving surely as though it knew every step of the way.

"You're badly scared, aren't you?"

to tell. There is plenty of time before us. I shall not have to leave you till just before daybreak, and we might as well have a pleasant time together. I was too busy the other afternoon in the woods, and too hurried to give you any real attention.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.
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To Be Continued Next Sunday.
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The most delicate problem I have met in employing women



*By a well-known
business man*

"I have read this courageous article by a leading American business man and want to add my endorsement of the great movement in which he is so much interested. I am glad that some one has, at last, made a stand against this thing which for years has kept women from reaching the highest of which they are capable."

Ada Patterson

"For many years I have employed a great many women—women of all ages and of varying degrees of ability. Most of them have been women of considerable education—few have been without a certain keenness of perception and a vitality of thought that are invaluable in the business world.

"But too often the chance of these women to attain the highest success of which they were capable, as well as the pleasure of other persons' business association with them, has been spoiled by a thing which until now I have hesitated to discuss with anyone except my wife.

"Delicacy—false modesty, perhaps—has too long kept the lips of all of us sealed on this one subject. But your recent articles in leading publications have brought the whole thing more vividly than ever to my attention, and I feel impelled to speak my mind on the matter.

"Often the very women who seem to be most scrupulously careful about their appearance are the very ones in whom this fault is most noticeable. To them the knowledge that it has been noticeable would come as a great shock. The odor of perspiration has seemed to be a detail beyond their control or perhaps beyond their realization.

"Each of these women has seemed to be utterly unconscious that she herself is subject to this thing. And yet she surely knows that it has the subtle power to break down another's preconceived idea of her personal efficiency. Each seems oblivious to the fact that this taint applies to her, though it is a real menace to her own progress not only in the business world but in every part of her social life. And thus through negligence she has lacked the one personal charm and business asset that is possible to every woman.

"The chief thing, then, it seems to me, is to bring the problem directly before the mind of the open-thinking American woman, in business or out of it. When she once grasps the truth—that the odor of perspiration is very often noticeable to others although it is not

noticeable to one who is subject to this trouble—and when she takes this knowledge as applying to her individually, she'll not be long in combating it effectively."

A natural tendency—common to most of us

It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. The perspiration glands under the arms, though more active than any others, do not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

These underarm glands are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, emotion, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make them more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

How fastidious women are meeting the situation

Fastidious women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of a woman's toilet. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, or teeth or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor. Perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness—excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness of the sweat glands.



Odorono is antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives what women are demanding—absolute assurance of perfect daintiness. It really corrects the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

So absolutely sure when made a regular habit

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, pat it on the underarms. Don't rub it in. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Don't let this trouble spoil a lovely gown

Numberless women find that even their most becoming gowns are made unattractive by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove. You need not be troubled in this way. You can keep your underarms so normally dry and sweet by the regular use of Odorono that no trace of perspiration ever can touch your frocks or blouses.

If you are troubled in any unusual way or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you in your problem. We shall be as glad to do so. We shall also be glad to mail you our booklet about all perspiration troubles and the methods of correcting them. Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 52 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 60c and \$1.00. Trial size, 30c. By mail postpaid if your dealer hasn't it.

Mail this coupon with 6c today!

A sample bottle of this wonderful toilet lotion sent to you immediately!

THE ODORONO CO.,
52 Blair Ave.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO

I am enclosing 6c for a sample bottle of Odorono

Name City.....

Street State



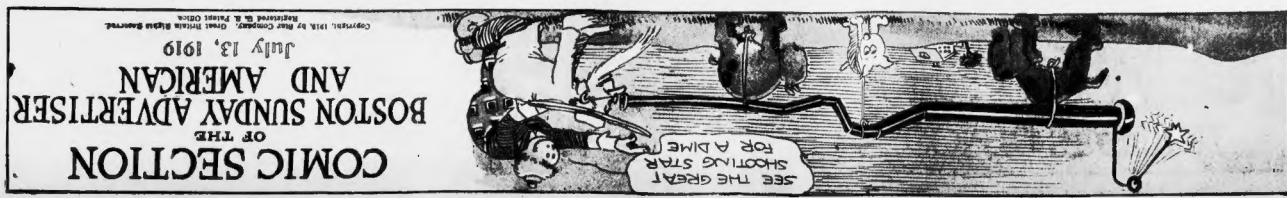
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Bringing Up Father



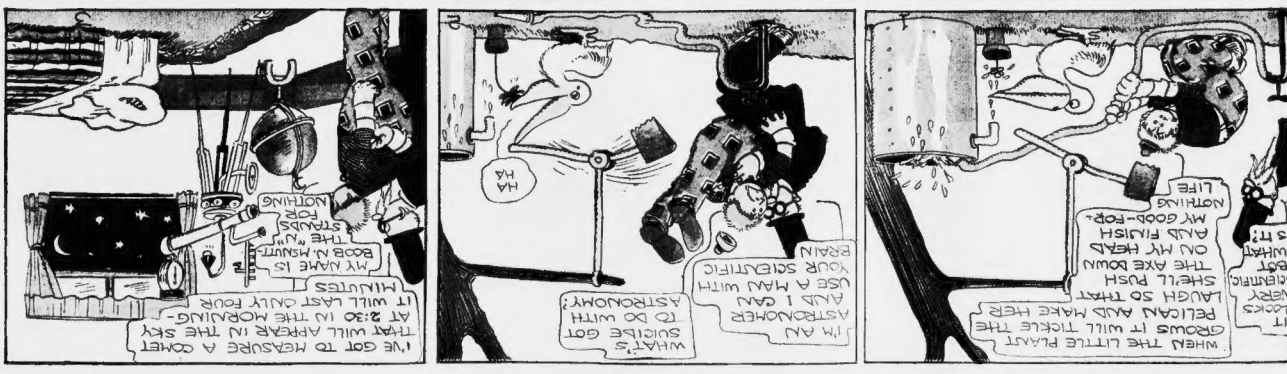


SEE THE GREAT
SHOOTING STAR
FOR A DIME

COMIC SECTION
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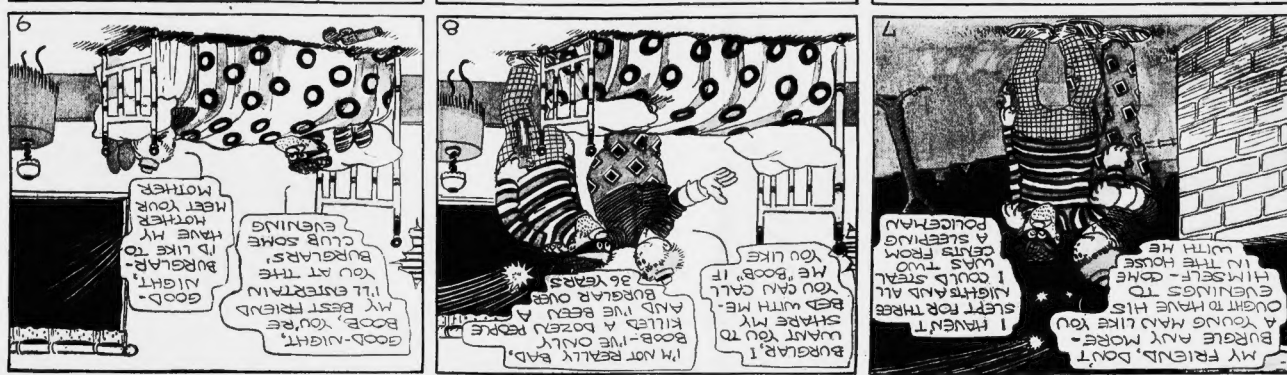
Boob McNutt



WHEN THE LITTLE PLANT
GROWS IT WILL TICKLE THE
LAUGH AND MAKE HER
PELICAN AND MAKE HER
SHELL PUSH
THE AXE DOWN
ON MY HEAD
AND FINISH
MY GOOD-FOP.
NOTHING
LIFE



BOOB,
I WANT YOU
TO CALL ME AT
TWO SHARP SO
I'LL HAVE PLENTY
OF TIME TO GET
THE MACHINE
READY - YOUR ROOM
IS RIGHT DOWN-
STAIRS
DON'T
WORRY BOB,
I'VE SEEN
STARS
BEFORE



MY FRIEND, DON'T
BURGLE ANY MORE -
A YOUNG MAN LIKE YOU
OUGHT TO HAVE HIS
EVENINGS TO
HIMSELF - COME
IN THE HOUSE
WITH ME
CENTS FROM
A SLEEPING
POLICEMAN



GREAT
SCOTT, IT'S
DAYLIGHT !!
COOK-A-
DOODLE -
BOO!



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Mr. Dubb



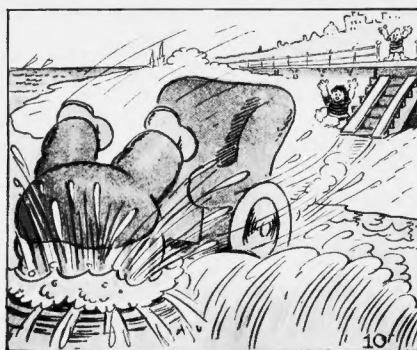
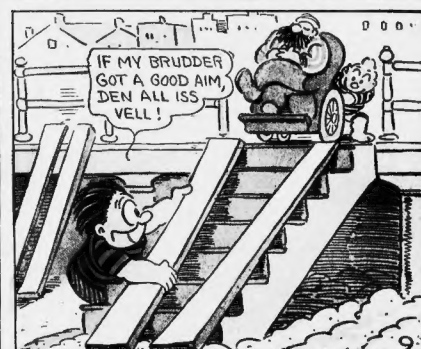
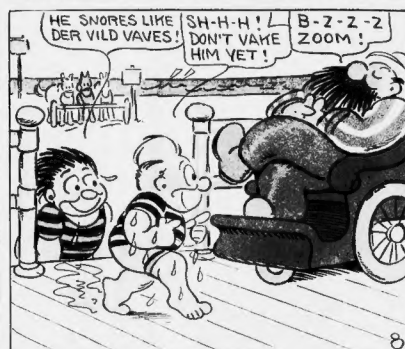
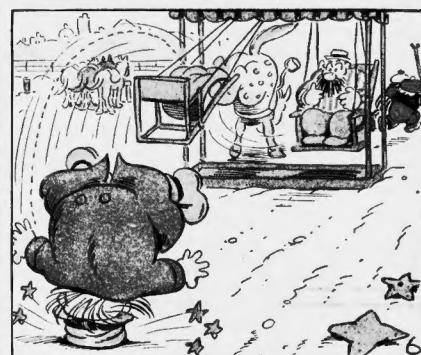
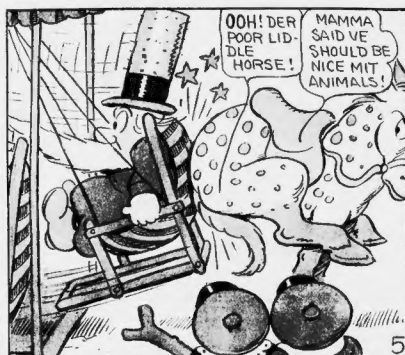
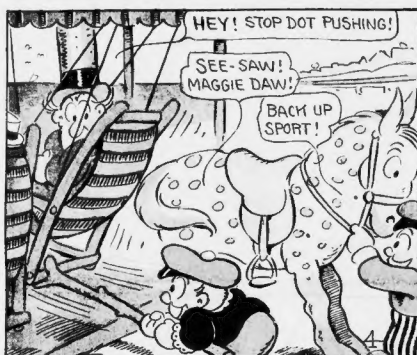


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The Shenanigan Kids



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